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By John T. ...



**VALLIS VALE,**

**And other Poems.**



# VALLIS VALE,

AND

## Other Poems.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"THE JUVENILE POETICAL MORALIST."

"O, if such scenes thou lov'st,  
Scorn not the minstrel strain."

*Sir Walter Scott.*



*Part of the Vale towards Elm.*

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## PREFACE.

*There may be, perhaps, a kind of temerity in presenting to public notice a Volume of Poems at the present æra, in which so much Poetry, of every description, is continually issuing from the press. But to apologize is useless; for if a work of this kind be really unworthy of regard, no apology, it is likely, will be deemed adequate to the folly and presumption of the author, in intruding on the attention of the public; and if, from its intrinsic worth, it has a claim on that attention, then certainly no one is necessary.*

*Besides, readers in general, are more anxious to know what a book contains, than what were the writer's reasons for publishing it.*

*It is however presumed, that the author may be allowed to say thus much, with regard to the*

*present production, that whatever defects the keen eye of criticism may discover in the poetry, it will find no sentiments inculcated but those which, in proportion as they predominate, conduce not only to the improvement, but to the elevation of the human character.*

*With regard to the legendary tales contained in the principal poem, it may be proper just to observe, that they are well known to the native inhabitants of the neighbourhood, where the events they record are said to have transpired; having been handed down by oral tradition, with a sort of sacred carefulness, from age to age, together with many others relating to the same spot; the insertion of which, while it might have rendered the poem of a tiresome length, would have given it the character rather of a metrical romance than a descriptive poem.*

*Unpatronized and unknown by the learned and the great, the author presents her little Volume to a candid public; whose decisions in literary cases are seldom ungenerous, and against which there lies no appeal.*

## CONTENTS.

|                                  | Page. |
|----------------------------------|-------|
| Vallis Vale, Part I .....        | 1     |
| ..... Part II. ....              | 24    |
| Hope. ....                       | 47    |
| The Benighted Wanderer .....     | 50    |
| The Evening Star.....            | 53    |
| The Greenlander .....            | 55    |
| The Evening Strain .....         | 57    |
| To the Nightingale .....         | 59    |
| The Triumphs of Death .....      | 61    |
| The Sabbath Morn .....           | 67    |
| Reminiscences .....              | 70    |
| The World we have not seen ..... | 73    |
| Soliloquy .....                  | 75    |
| Invocation to a Spirit .....     | 77    |
| This is not your Rest .....      | 81    |
| The Martyr .....                 | 86    |
| The Land of Rest.....            | 88    |
| The Land of my Birth.....        | 91    |
| Evening .....                    | 94    |



## VALLIS VALE.



### Introduction.



IS there a soul that does not love,  
'Midst Nature's lovely wilds to rove,  
And view the ever-varying scene  
Of wood and heath, and shady green ;  
Insensate to the joys that rise,  
From view of ocean, earth, and skies ;  
Who never cared or thought to look,  
In Nature's great instructive book ;

Nor ever gaz'd with raptured eye,  
On midnight star-bespangled sky ;  
Strange to the elevating joy,  
That flows from such a pure employ ?  
He never knew the muse's power,  
At morn or evening's dewy hour :  
For she delights to frame her song,  
Fair Nature's varied scenes among,  
To sit beside the craggy steep,  
And eye the tempest's foaming sweep ;  
To listen to the distant roar,  
Where ocean laves the rocky shore ;  
Or, seated on the hillock's side,  
Trace the rich vale's luxuriant pride,  
Lull'd by the sheepfold's tinkling bell,  
Or song of sweetest Philomel ;

To watch bright Phœbus' burning wheels  
Roll down the distant western hills,  
And mark the clouds that rolling high,  
In crimson pomp, spread round the sky,  
'Till evening comes, in mantle grey,  
To chase the garish hues of day.  
And when dull slumber's leaden wand,  
Is stretch'd o'er ocean, air, and land,  
'Tis her delight, on mountain height,  
To trace the ebon car of night,  
Rolling along the blue expanse,  
And watch the planets' nightly dance ;  
Then rising high on fancy's wings,  
Her loftiest, sweetest airs she sings.  
She skims along the starry way,  
Far from low Folly's wild affray ;

'Midst suns and systems takes her flight,  
And gains the seats of perfect light :  
Beholds unnumbered worlds that glow,  
Above, around, and far below ;  
And while she views the starry throng,  
That roll through fields of space along,  
Hears from innumerable spheres ascend,  
Anthems of praise that never end :  
Millions of happy beings raise,  
From each, the song of joy and praise,  
In notes that mortal may not know,  
'Till he shall leave this world of woe :  
For song so sweet what mortal dares,  
That treads upon a world of cares.



## VALLIS VALE.



### PART I.



'MIDST every change of good and ill,  
Sweet VALLIS, thou art lovely still :—  
When Summer suns triumphant smile,  
And Autumn's plenty loads our isle ;  
Or Winter, prototype of care,  
With foggy vapours loads the air,  
And seated in his car of storms,  
Nature's resplendent scenes deforms :  
Or when young Zephyr's silken wing,  
Unfolds amidst the sweets of Spring,

And Nature in her emerald dress,  
Looks out in all her loveliness :—  
Still thou art pleasant to survey,  
From morn to evening's closing ray.  
Thine ivied grottos, cool retreats,  
Thy bowery walks, and moss-grown seats,  
Thy silver stream, now creeping slow,  
Now rushing with a torrent's flow,  
Imparting always to the scene  
A robe of bright unfading green :  
And the wild strawberry that creeps,  
Luxuriant, up thy rocky steep,  
Tempting the strag'ling youth from home,  
'Mid precipice and crag to roam :  
Thy rocks, now looking darkly down,  
With dreadful ruin's threat'ning frown,  
Rising precipitate and bare,  
Like scenes of desolate despair ;

High in primeval grandeur pil'd,  
Impending awfully and wild ;  
Then swelling gently to the view,  
In drapery of every hue,  
With beautiful and easy slope,  
(Gay as the path of youthful hope,)  
Thy peaceful, wild, romantic air,  
Make it delightful to repair  
From the dense town's tumultuous noise,  
To taste in thee, serener joys.

Between those rocks that stretch along,  
And echo with the woodland song,  
That mingling with the herdsman's call,  
Answer the distant waterfall ;\*  
There winds a vale so smooth and green,  
So soft and lovely is the scene,

\* See Vignette in title-page.

That Nature's lover has not smiled,  
On scenes more beautifully wild :  
And all along the greenwood glade,  
For converse or retirement made,  
There winds a streamlet soft and clear,  
Whose borders, fring'd with flowers, appear ;  
Through Summer's heat, and Winter snows,  
The limpid stream meandering flows.  
The wild bees\* hum incessant there,  
At early morn salutes the ear :  
And when the distant village bells,  
Ring out at eve their merry peals,  
There the soft cadence dies away,  
With the near flute's mellifluous lay.

\* " Bees seem almost indigenous here, there being many places among the rocks and in the trunks of old oak trees, where they have continued time immemorial."

Vide Collinson's Hist. Somerset.

And when all Nature seems at rest,  
And the last ray has left the west,  
While the soft, cool, and gentle gale,  
Scarce bids a wither'd leaf to fall,  
There the sweet choristers of night,  
In plaintive symphony unite,  
Pursuing their enchanting strain,  
'Till the fair morning's golden reign.

The purest joys on earthly ground,  
Perhaps in rural scenes are found :  
The tranquil, sylvan, still recess,  
Yields health, and peace, and happiness.  
Envy has little there to do,  
For there her rivals are but few ;  
And Disappointments, if there be,  
Still they are such as few will see.

Guilt may dislike the rural scene ;  
She fears herself, and flies to screen  
Her huge deformities from sight  
In crowds,—but never knows delight.  
Vice is still restless, and the worm  
That preys upon her wasting form,  
Drives her from peaceful scenes like these,  
To seek, in vain, the town for ease :  
For she must leave *herself* to know  
Ease from the spirit-burning woe.  
Pride may reject the country too ;  
She cannot hide herself from view,  
To pass the solitary hours,  
In verdant walks and leafy bowers :  
Lost, undervalued, and alone,  
Far from applause, to Fame unknown :  
Where none admire, or if they do,  
'Tis but the rustic vulgar crew,

Who never can the value tell,  
Of souls form'd always to excel.  
And courtly Fashion too, may frown  
At rural scenes, and seek the town ;  
The dear delightful town, to be,  
In what it terms, "Society."  
The rout, the theatre, and ball,  
Where thousand pleasures beck and call :  
The ceaseless whirl that Folly finds,  
To chase *ennui* from listless minds :  
And who could leave such glittering scenes,  
For rocks and hills, and purling streams ;  
Or knowing life, remain at ease,  
To rusticate with birds and trees.  
Business keeps many, Habit some,  
In the dark city's ceaseless hum ;  
And some there are who never roam,  
From the close precincts of their home.

The care-worn Cit may take the air,  
Delighted in his one-horse chair,  
And think, while towers and steeples fade,  
And linnets twitter from the glade ;  
While round him blows the cooling breeze,  
That he all Nature's beauty sees ;  
And tastes of all the joy she yields,  
From charm of groves and flowery fields.  
But O, to rove along at will,  
When evening dews their sweets distil,  
Or morning zephyrs fan the earth  
And airy choirs renew their mirth ;  
To trace the boundless scenes that rise,  
Till earth seems mingling with the skies ;  
To dwell upon the glorious view,  
Though often seen, yet ever new ;  
And then to rise as Nature guides,  
To Him, who bounds the swelling tides,—



To Him, who "spake, and it was done,"  
Blest in all works his hands begun,—  
To Him, who cast at Nature's birth,  
Her flowery mantle round the earth,  
'Till wrapp'd in beauty, all divine,  
She sung His praise in notes sublime ;  
Who still, though man forsook his God,  
Throws his unbounded gifts abroad,  
Leaving a thousand traces round,  
Of paradise on earthly ground :—  
These are true pleasures, and they throw  
Around our path the richest glow ;  
They never cloy, but always please,  
And leave the well-tun'd mind at ease ;  
Leave it refined, expanded, blest,  
Giving to life a richer zest :  
And who would barter joys so pure,  
For all that cities can procure ?

Nature ! 'thine ample volume spreads  
Its glowing page, that he who reads  
May rise enraptured from the view,  
To bless the God of Nature too :  
While Revelation's voice alone,  
Can make the God of Mercy known,  
And in a sweet and awful strain,  
Sing of that Mercy's boundless reign ;  
Thy finger points where all may see,  
Proofs of a present Deity ;  
Or rests on some unerring line,  
Where wisdom, power, and goodness shine.

And thou, sweet Vale, can'st witness bring,  
From the bright days of laughing Spring,  
'Till Autumn yields the shorten'd day,  
To ruthless Winter's awful sway ;

That be their stations what they will,  
Mortals love rural pleasures still.  
For oft as Monday\* noon rolls round,  
When Sol has dried the teeming ground,  
What groups come trooping down the hill,  
Beside the farm, or round the mill ;  
Regardless of the wheel and loom,  
And all the cares of busy Frome :  
Leaving its profits and its noise,  
To seek at Vallis calmer joys.

\* Monday afternoon is the favourite season chosen by the lower classes for recreation here during the summer months, when they frequently assemble in large and numerous groups. Musical parties also frequently meet here, and a beautifully wild or pathetic air as it sweeps over the valley, and its sweet tones rise and fall, or echo and die among the rocks, combined with the gurgling of the water over trunks of trees, or huge stones that have been dashed into its bed from the summit of the overhanging rocks, has a peculiarly delightful and romantic effect.

And now the gypsying parties spread,  
Some on the rocks high over head,  
Some nestling snugly half-way down,  
Though shapeless crags above them frown :  
While some contented with the vale,  
Swell the loud song, or join the tale :  
Nor is the frothing jug forgot,  
While visiting this favourite spot.  
Now with gay sounds the valley rings,  
There the sweet flute its offering brings,  
The viol there, and there the song  
From human voices, pours along ;  
'Till all the wild romantic dell,  
Echoes the deep and solemn swell :  
While high embower'd from human view,  
They long their minstrelsy pursue.  
O, raise one simple, grateful strain,  
To Him who decks the flowery plain ;—

When Love and Peace unite their lays,  
Sweet is the sacrifice of praise.  
With gay, exuberant spirits there,  
Happy, and strangers yet to care ;  
Light as the breeze around their head,  
Childhood and youth their pastimes lead :  
Gladsome and wild, no grief they know,  
Nor think of life's dark tale of woe.  
While some, more curious than the rest,  
Perhaps to please the stranger guest,  
Climb the rude rock, search near and far,  
For fossil stone or glittering spar.  
Smit with the scene, all linger on,  
'Till eve's last crimson tints are gone ;  
Chang'd for fair Dian's silvery beam,  
While the blue mist creeps round the stream,  
And the last warbler yields the strain,  
To Philomel's nocturnal reign :

Then homeward haste, and by the way,  
Tell of the ghosts that once did stray  
At midnight, round the haunted rock,—  
And witcheries that used to mock  
The frightened traveller, whose road  
Lay through the goblin's wild abode :  
Or pigmy sprites that long were seen,  
Dancing by moonlight on the green.  
For here, as ancient legends say,  
Sported of old the tiny fay :  
Deep in the grove the wayward elves,  
Would play and riot by themselves,  
Threading the mazy dance with glee,  
High in their elvish revelry.  
Or gathered round the magic ring,  
News to Queen Mab perchance to bring :  
Then in full council met, to know  
What they should do, and whither go ;

Whom they should punish, who reward,  
What nurse to vex what favourite guard.  
'Till warn'd by Hesper's distant ray,  
They, on a moonbeam, fled away.  
And still the wondrous ring is seen,  
Where oft the elfin troops have been,  
Nor will a blade of grass appear,  
In that same spot throughout the year,—  
So it is said,—if false or true,  
Reader, we leave the tale to you.  
And, it is said, upon that hill,  
(People may think just what they will,)  
Often upon the night's approach,  
Sir Edmund, in his fiery coach,  
Was seen to pace it round and round,  
And woe to him who then was found,  
To tread upon enchanted ground.

There is a legendary tale,  
Connected with this lovely vale,  
That superstitious crones have drest,  
In Terror's most appalling vest,  
Once, in the lapse of ages gone,  
Two friends were walking there alone,  
To the old mansion on the hill ;  
'Twas night, and all around was still.  
They were returning from the town,  
And each did on the other frown ;  
For while in Frome, some question rose,  
Where one the other did oppose ;  
At a " Court Leet " the strife begun,  
Nor ended with the business done.  
Now fir'd by wine, and anger too,  
Both loud and fierce the contest grew,  
The maddening taunt, and keen retort,  
Engaged them long in bitter sport ;



'Till their old friendships they forgot,  
Upon that drear and fatal spot.  
The night-bird scream'd around them there,  
Like the wild shriek of fell Despair,  
And the rude blast that howl'd around,  
Sent through the vale the hideous sound.  
Ah, little did Sir Edmund think,  
His life was quivering on its brink,  
And that dark gloomy midnight hour,  
Would be the last within his power :  
But with one furious, deadly blow,  
The other laid his victim low.  
From that time Superstition thought  
His soul still hover'd round the spot :  
And long where this dire feud had been,  
The fiery car at night was seen,  
Sweeping the hill-top through the night,  
With coursers of unearthly might.

Impell'd by one whose glaring eye,  
Scowl'd on the wretch that wander'd nigh.  
And wheresoe'er the vision past,  
Sad wailings murmur'd in the blast :  
Then coward fear would hasten on,  
With ears fast clos'd to the direful moan,  
And eyes firm shut to the hideous sight,  
That Fancy drew on the misty night.  
But Terror's reign is over now,  
No ghosts sweep round the rocky brow ;  
And if they ever wander'd here,  
They cannot now command a fear.

Now all is still, save when the crash  
Of rifted crag with thundering dash,  
From its huge bed of limestone flung,  
Echoes tremendously and long.

And not a sound beside is heard,  
But bleating flock or lowing herd ;  
Yet who can say what deeds untold,  
May here have been perform'd of old.  
What joys have rapt the spirit here ;  
What sorrows wrung the bitter tear ;  
What spirits of ethereal race,  
Here found their mortal dwelling place ;  
Panting for honourable fame,  
Yet doom'd to penury and shame.

## VALLIS VALE.



### PART II.



**JUST** on that rock's projecting brow,  
Where the bright ivy wanders now,  
And twining round the fretted wall,  
Prevents the ruin'd chapel's fall ;  
Where now no living thing is known,  
Save where the owlet keeps her throne ;  
Last tenant of the dreary scene,  
Where riches, pride, and power have been :  
Uttering her wild discordant song,  
Where choral strains have swept along ;

Still mocking in her hateful strain,  
Grandeur's poor, transient, worthless reign.

But there, in ancient times, liv'd One,  
Who swift the course of folly run :  
Who through life's bright and vernal day,  
Spported the gayest of the gay.  
For pleasure rul'd him at her will,  
In the wild vortex whirling still :  
The lightest of a flippant age,  
When Infidelity could rage,  
And throw her gibes with shameless face,  
At heaven's blest messages of grace.  
When Vice was cheer'd, and seasons holy,  
Ordain'd to pastimes, noise, and folly.  
And he could throw the jest about,  
Mingling with the unhallow'd rout,

Tell the profane but pleasant tale,  
Or roar a midnight bacchanal :  
And who could sport on danger's edge,  
So easy as gay LEVERSEDGE ?  
In the "Black Arts" forbidden lore,  
'Twas his delight, unseen, to pore ;  
'Till by the wizard teaching bold,  
He sought dread secrets to unfold.  
Nor God, nor man, he learnt to fear,  
But in the midst of his career,  
While at the festal board caress'd,  
Just as his lips the goblet press'd,  
A sudden shivering seized his frame,—  
Then, changed for fever's raging flame,  
Sickness, and its dread partner, Pain,  
Shot the barb'd sting through every vein.  
Now restless on his couch he lay,  
And seem'd grim Death's undoubted prey ;

The wild, convulsive, frequent start,  
Seem'd like Death's arrows at his heart :  
While anxious friends around him came,  
To watch life's swift retiring flame,  
And catch the broken words that hung,  
In quivering accents, on his tongue :  
But not a sentence met the ear,  
Save those of spirit-sickening fear.  
Soon it was thought that life had fled,  
And all around pronounc'd him dead ;  
The pulse had ceas'd its restless beat,  
The heart had lost its vital heat ;  
The eye-ball, fix'd and ghastly grew,  
And the wan cheek bore Death's own hue.  
Yet was that wond'rous link, that binds  
To mortal frames immortal minds,  
Not broken still,—but Nature's powers  
Were stopt in those mysterious hours,—

While the rapt spirit bounded on,  
Through a vast region all unknown :  
Leaping the gulph that lies between  
This world, and that amazing scene  
Where all is awful, bright, and strange,  
And souls in endless freedom range.  
A glorious form was at his side,  
His beautiful mysterious guide :  
Resplendent was his form, his air  
Lofty, but sweet beyond compare,  
For matchless dignity and grace,  
Were beaming in the angel's face ;  
Who, as he bore the stranger on,  
Sooth'd him with notes to earth unknown.  
Now, aided by the angel's wings,  
He view'd unutterable things :  
Saw where the morning stars pursue  
The anthem that is ever new,



And happy spirits freed from care,  
Inhaling life and gladness there :  
Whose brows immortal chaplets bind,  
In groves of amaranth reclin'd.  
Sweeping their lyres in varied measures,  
To themes of high and holy pleasures :  
Quaffing true bliss at living streams ;  
While some, absorb'd by loftiest themes,  
Pursued, with wisdom deep and high,  
The dazzling wonders of the sky :  
Crown'd with that glory none inherit,  
Saving a pure and holy spirit.  
But while the scene fill'd all his soul,  
He heard these awful tidings roll,  
In accents, terrible and clear,—  
“**NOTHING UNHOLY ENTERS HERE.**”  
Then a keen pang his soul distress'd,  
For guilt and shame that soul oppress'd,

And Memory, to her office true,  
Brought all his follies out to view.  
He gaz'd around him in dismay,  
Then like a culprit fled away.  
And, hurried from the seats of bliss,  
Swung o'er the fathomless abyss ;  
And saw, with shivering horror, there,  
The living statue of Despair,  
Whose one dire strain was " Ever, ever,  
" Horror dwells here, but Hope is—never !"  
Shrinking from that appalling sound,  
He cast a fearful glance around,  
And saw, high towering from the rest,  
In powerless pride, with haughty crest,  
Scowling with deep malignant frown,  
Cursing the chains that bind him down ;  
That great arch-fiend, that erst was driven  
Down from the battlements of heaven ;

When the apostate dash'd the brand  
Of treason, on that happy land,  
And gather'd round the hellish flame,  
Traitors, that groan in endless shame.  
Hurl'd by the Thunderer's vengeance down,  
To writhe beneath his awful frown.  
Dark, shapeless, restless ghosts were there,  
Moving with Misery round Despair ;  
Fixing on her the glaring eye,  
With one vain wish, that souls could die :  
And Rage, and Spite, and direst Hate,  
And Malice, there in triumph sate ;  
And the worst passions of the soul,  
Rang'd there and reign'd without control.  
While ever and anon there came,  
From the deep caves of livid flame,  
Wailings of agoniz'd distress,  
For squander'd heaven and happiness.

Appall'd with the tremendous view,  
Back from the infernal verge he flew,  
And sent to heaven an ardent prayer,  
That he might never enter there.  
But while he, trembling, gaz'd around,  
All vanish'd, and himself he found,  
Stretch'd as a corse in his own room,  
Surrounded with funereal gloom :  
And some were there with streaming eyes,  
To pay the last sad obsequies.  
Solemn and slow his death bell toll'd,  
Full on his ear its tidings roll'd ;  
The funeral torch, with lurid glare,  
Was burning in attendance there,  
And crouds were gathering round to see,  
Death's gloomy, splendid pageantry.  
Now the last friend approach'd his bier,  
To drop the bitter parting tear,

And take a long and sad farewell,  
Of one he loved, and loved so well.  
When starting from his awful trance,  
Upwards he threw his eager glance,  
And cried, "I thank the gracious Power,  
"That brought me to this blessed hour ;  
"Now shall the life thus newly given,  
"Be sacred to indulgent Heaven."  
Soon far and near the tidings spread,  
That he had waken'd from the dead :  
And while the tale of wonder rung,  
Through every house from every tongue,  
While some believed and others jeered,  
He to his purpose firm adhered.  
No more gay Pleasure's syren tongue,  
Allured him to the glittering throng ;  
Nor the intoxicating bowl,  
Held him in Vice's mad control.

Reason assumed her native sway,  
And Truth divine illum'd his way,  
While he revered her light, as given  
To guide the spirit up to heaven.  
The specious sophism no more,  
Enthrall'd his reason as before ;  
For Error's mists were put to flight,  
Like shades dispersed by morning light.  
Now in plain russet garment drest,  
He lived to make the wretched blest ;  
Sought out the low forsaken shed,  
Where pining misery laid her head ;  
Or dried the tear on Sorrow's eye,  
By pointing to that world on high,  
Where grief shall never once destroy,  
The spirit's full untiring joy.  
'Twas thus he spent life's lengthen'd day :  
And when at last it wore away,

His sun went down serene and bright,  
Like evening lingering into night ;  
When streaks of glory deck the skies,  
That tell a brighter morn shall rise.

In this romantic, peaceful glen,  
Far from the crowded haunts of men,  
“Seraphic\* Rowe” her lyre has strung,  
To airs that angels might have sung :  
Her lofty soul, on wings sublime,  
Scorning the narrow bounds of Time,  
On Faith’s high towering pinions rose,  
Up where immortal beauty glows ;  
She heard the notes that Seraphs raise,  
And taught her lyre their notes of praise.

\* A well-known elegant Poet and prose writer of the last century, who lived at Frome, and had a house contiguous to the Vale, where she resided great part of her time.

And round that stream, those groves among,  
Often she pour'd the sacred song.  
Forgive, sweet bard, this humbler strain,  
Warbled so near thy fair domain ;  
There stands thy house, and there thy grot,  
And often on that hallowed spot,  
Reverence and Admiration rove,  
With fond Affection, round the <sup>o</sup>grove :  
'Tis but the meed to genius given,  
When lofty souls ascend to heaven.  
And thou hadst genius, beauty, all  
That mortals bright or lovely call :  
But 'twas thy piety that spread,  
The brightest halo round thy head.  
And now, though none may grace these bowers,  
With soul like thine, such lofty powers,



Yet here *thy* name shall be enshrin'd,  
With His,\* who faithful still and kind,  
A kindred spirit link'd with thine,  
In bands that conquer Death and Time,  
With thee in this delightful vale,  
Oft listen'd to the plaintive tale,  
Of orphans' wrongs, or widows' grief,  
Nor ever grudged the kind relief,  
Or shut the hospitable door,  
Without the blessing of the poor.  
But Death's inexorable dart,  
Made the dear friends asunder part,  
And thou didst long upon his bier,  
Pour the sad widow's lonely tear.

\* Her Husband is said to have been an excellent Latin and Greek scholar.—He composed an Appendix to Plutarch's Lives &c.

See 12mo. Edition of Mrs. Rowe's Works, 4 vols.

Sweet melodist, thy harp is laid  
Low in the silent willow shade,  
And thou hast soared beyond the sky,  
To raise a song that cannot die.  
O, could I catch the Seraph-fire,  
That breath'd along thy sweet-ton'd lyre,  
I yet would raise one note for thee,  
Sweet as thy own soft melody :  
And on the spot, to Virtue dear,  
Suspend thy living chaplet here.  
What though no marble stands to shew,  
Where thou dost rest in peace below,  
Nor poet's lyre has rung for thee,  
Round where thy sacred ashes be,  
Nor sculptor's polish'd art has shone,  
In thy fair monumental stone,

• Thy name, thy works, shall still inspire,  
Devotion's purest, loftiest fire.\*  
And Fancy, oft at evening hour,  
Shall meet thee in thy much-lov'd bower,†  
And in that deep romantic glen,  
List to thy melody again :  
Then seem thy angel form to view,  
Melting into ethereal blue.

Here seated by some aged oak,  
The Druid prophet may have spoke,  
With awful voice and eye of fire,  
Or swept to awful themes his lyre ;  
Then bared the sacrificial knife,  
For some pale human victim's life,

\* See particularly her "Devout Exercises of the Heart."

† There is a small cave in one of the rocks, known by the name of "Mrs. Rowe's grotto," surrounded with brush-wood, and overhung with trees.

Until the rich libation flow'd,  
In honor of the wicker god ;  
Or cruel rites were used to know,  
If fortune promis'd weal or woe.  
But long that hideous night has past ;—  
A cloudless morning broke at last,  
And chased the pagan fiend away,  
Ending his long and hateful sway.  
Hail, star of heaven ! immortal Truth,  
Sure light of age, and guide of youth ;  
Bless'd be the bright auspicious time,  
When thou didst reach this western clime,  
And cheer, and beautify, and bless,  
This arid moral wilderness ;  
'Till with immortal verdure crown'd,  
It scatter'd blessings all around :  
Pouring its rich and constant streams,  
Free as the sun's enlivening beams.

Here the fierce Saxon may have trod,  
And dyed his spear in British blood.  
Or warlike Ina\* paced around,  
And mark'd the battle's chosen ground,  
When the famed Heptarch led his hosts,  
Victorious round the western coasts.  
Still farther on, a grassy mound,  
With thyme and wild-flowers compass'd round,  
Shews where the sturdy Roman led†  
His band to mingle with the dead ;

\* "Aldhelm, Monk of Malmesbury, kinsman of Ina, King of the West Saxons, founded here a Monastery, to the honour of St. John Baptist. The Monks that composed this society were obliged to disperse on account of the persecutions of the Danes during their inroads into these parts. There are some vestiges of this old building still remaining in that part of the town called Lower Keyford."

See History of Somerset, article 'Frome.'

† The remains of several Roman and other encampments are still discernable on the tops of the rocks towards Mells.

See History of Somerset, article 'Mells.'

He grasp'd the sword, or hurl'd the spear,  
Only to drop in silence here :  
For who had ever known the day,  
A Briton shun'd the stormy fray.  
Deeds of the mighty, ye are past :  
Forgotten as the wailing blast,  
That swept around ye, as ye hurl'd  
The shafts of ruin round the world.

Imperial Rome ! where art thou now,  
The wreath is faded from thy brow ;  
Thy star is set, thy grandeur flown,  
And the crush'd fragment, now alone  
Stands as thy monument to shew,  
Glory can never dwell below.  
Proud arbitress of the world,  
Thy splendour is to ruin hurl'd,

And the dread thunderings of thine host,  
Are on the tide of ages lost.

Thy furious cohorts, Rome, no more  
May drench the earth with human gore ;  
Or dictate in the victor strain,

Laws to control the vassal train ;  
Nor distant nations crouch and own  
Thee empress of the world alone.

Who fears the name of "Cæsar" now,  
Or who to his fierce "Legions" bow ;  
Ah, all are still in Death's long sleep,  
With those the spoilers caused to weep ;  
And thou art gone with all thy might,  
Like the wild visions of the night :

While Britain rears her crest on high,  
The first of lands beneath the sky ;  
Begirt with brighter honors now,  
Than ever flourish'd on thy brow :

For Britain's influence has flown  
Where thy stern laws were never known ;  
And she retains, in silken bands,  
The richest and remotest lands :  
And if she conquers, 'tis to bless  
With liberty and happiness.  
Yes, SHE, whom thou didst once enslave,  
Can ride triumphant round thy grave,  
And tell thee, Britain still is free,  
Blest with the holiest liberty ;  
A liberty to thee denied,  
When in thy mightiest pomp and pride,  
A freedom thou couldst not control,  
The blessed freedom of the soul :  
Which all thy tyrants could not blast,  
Which wreck of ages shall not waste ;  
Nor Time's last funeral fires destroy,  
For 'tis the soul's best hope, its everlasting joy,

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## **MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**



## HOPE.

**HOPE!** thou art fair, divinely fair ;

Thy brow is ever crown'd with gladness ;  
Thou knowest not the form of care,

Nor ever wear'st the hues of sadness :  
And still, wherever thou art found,  
That spot becomes enchahted ground !

Onward thou fliest, day by day,

Bright as the morning's beams of glory ;  
And tuning still thy varied lay,

Tellest thine animating story ;  
And still, while on thy swift career,  
Thou chantest, "Mortals never fear."

Gay Syren ! thou art smiling still,  
With tresses bright, and mantle flowing ;  
And round thy footsteps, at thy will,  
Rise scenes of beauty bright and glowing ;  
Or if to-day prove dark with sorrow,  
Thou singest, " Joy awaits to-morrow."

Fairest deceiver ! at thy shrine,  
Millions of votaries are bending ;  
Yet there will Grief and Fear combine,  
To snatch the blessings thou art sending,  
To dash the brimming cup of Joy,  
And all the promis'd bliss destroy.

Yet, hapless is that joyless wight,  
Who does not own thy cheering power,  
Around his dark and starless night,  
Despair's black shades for ever lower,  
And on his wild tormented breast,  
The form of Peace can never rest.

Thou sittest on the dungeon's bar,  
And bid'st the captive cease repining ;  
Pointing to that blest light afar,  
Where Freedom's glorious sun is shining ;  
Then bear'st him on thy towering pinions,  
To range throughout thy bright dominions.

Sure thou wert sent from heaven to bless,  
A world that care has made its dwelling ;  
To still the wailings of distress,  
And soothe the heart with anguish swelling ;  
To raise pale Sorrow's fainting form,  
And paint the rainbow on the storm !

Then still smile on, heart-cheering Hope ;  
For thou art man's most precious treasure ;  
And thy sweet voice though heard remote,  
Will thrill the grief-worn soul with pleasure,  
And when thou pointest to the sky,  
Thou shewest joys that bloom and never die.

## THE BENIGHTED WANDERER.

**H**ITHER turn thee, houseless stranger,  
Shivering in the pelting storm,  
In my cot secure from danger,  
Thou may'st rest thy weary form.

'Tis a humble habitation,  
But 'twill shelter thee 'till day ;  
Then, where'er thy destination,  
Go, and heaven protect thy way.

Still dost hesitate ?—O hasten,  
From the terrors of the night :  
Or else Death thine eyes may fasten,  
Ere the breaking morning light.

Take the best that I can offer,—  
Share the Woodman's humble meal,  
Then a lowly couch I proffer,  
There may sleep thy eyelids seal,

But those eyes are full of sorrow,—  
Suffering is man's lot below,—  
Yet believe a brighter morrow,  
May succeed thy night of woe.

Do some *inward* griefs oppress thee,  
Sorrows thou canst not reveal?  
There is *One* that waits to bless thee,—  
Know that he that wounds can heal.

To the cot, though broken-hearted,  
Now he turn'd, though press'd with woes,  
And 'till night's black shades departed,  
Slept in undisturbed repose.

'Twas a poor and lonely dwelling,  
 Like the dove's sequestered home :  
 But within it, hearts were swelling,  
 With delights to Vice unknown.

Stranger, now the morning greets thee,  
 And the howling storm is past,  
 Come, a hearty welcome meets thee,  
 To the cottager's repast.

Wanderer, whither art thou going,  
 Silent, destitute, and sad ;  
 Is there not *one* hope left glowing,  
 In thy heart to make it glad ?

May the God of mercies bless thee,  
 For thy heart is full of woe ;—  
 Not for worlds would I distress thee,—  
 Go in peace, poor Wanderer, go.

See a recent popular work entitled "No Fiction," in the  
 encounter between Le Fevre and the Woodman.



## THE EVENING STAR.

**GEM** of serenest ray, thy light,

How lovely to the gazing eye ;

Peeping so beautifully bright,

From yonder calm cerulean sky.

Thou lookest from thy lofty sphere,

Brilliant and fair, and mildly down,

Nor carest for the changes here,

For them that smile, or they that frown.

'Tis nought to thee though tempests rage,

And ruin rides upon the storm ;

Though hostile armies fierce engage,

And Nature's loveliest scenes deform.

Though outcast misery complains,  
Thou shinest on serene and clear ;  
Nor markest from thy smiling plains,  
The forms of grief that wander here.

Yet who can tell but there may be,  
Mysterious lovely sparkler, some  
Who leaving earth have fled to thee,  
Waiting for those they love to come.

Some that perchance to us were dear,  
Who led us up life's rugged way ;  
Our dearest friends, whose smile could cheer,  
Care's roughest, darkest, wint'ry day.

And now, even now,—the thought is sweet,—  
We in their sympathies may share ;  
Watching, or as a sunbeam fleet,  
Darting to break some fatal snare.

Then lovely star I'll look at thee,  
At evening's solemn tide,  
And think of all who dear to me,  
Have pass'd from hence perhaps to thee,  
And think how bright their moments be,  
And how serene they glide !

## THE GREENLANDER.

**SHINE** out thou fair moon, and be patient ye waves,  
While the Greenlander's courage, the snow storm  
For hunger has driven him out afar, [braves :  
'Mid the crashing of ice and the tempest's war.

His famishing children yet wait their meal,  
'Till he shall return with the fresh caught seal ;  
And he has been beating the icy bay,  
From the peep of morn to the close of day.

But the wind is high and the sky is dark,  
And he cannot guide the tempest-toss'd bark,  
But he beats about 'mid the drifting snow,  
With a frame of ice and a heart of woe.

No sound can be heard round that gloomy shore,  
But the iceberg's crash or the tempest's roar ;  
Or the sullen sea-bear's appalling cry,  
As he rolls about his malignant eye !

Then rise thou fair moon, or the pelting storm,  
That beats on the mariner's weary form,  
Will hurry him on with its awful gloom,  
To find in lone horror an icy tomb !

But the night is dark, and the snow falls fast,  
His Kayak o'erturns in the ruthless blast ;  
His frost-bitten hand has forsaken the oar,  
And he must return to his home no more.

Now the storm is hush'd, and no sound is near,  
To thrill with delight or to shake with fear ;  
And the wandering moon is riding high,  
In the cloudless blue of a polar sky.

That morning rose faint on the dreary land,  
That receiv'd his pale corse on its gloomy strand ;  
But did not behold his equal there,  
In guiding a Kayak or hurling a spear,

## THE EVENING STRAIN.

**How** sweet is that simple strain,  
That strikes on the ear as it floats !  
O breathe it yet once again,  
So solemn and sweet are the notes :  
It comes from the cool sequester'd glen,—  
O breathe the sweet melody once again.

'Tis hush'd, and the solar beam  
Just tinges the cloud in the west ;  
And all is so still, it may seem  
All Nature had yielded to rest :  
Who does not partake of the purest bliss,  
In a moment so calm and delightful as this !

It comes, and yet sweeter still,  
Like an angel's far distant strain,  
Reclined on a heavenly hill,  
And tuning his harp-strings again,  
To tell from those regions of beauty how blest,  
Are the spirits that dwell in the mansions of rest.

'Tis past,—and the shades of night  
Are gathering thickly around :  
The moon with her silvery light,  
Just peeps on the dew-sprinkled ground ;  
So passes from mortals in Time's quickest measure,  
The loveliest season of earthly-born pleasure.

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

**LOVELIEST** warbler of the grove,

Softly falls thy midnight strain,  
Notes of harmony and love,  
Vibrate round the silent plain.

In the dark and lonely bower,—

On the rough and thorny spray,  
Thou dost cheer the night's dull hour,  
With thy soft mellifluous lay.

Soft as falls the evening dew,

Gentle as its mildest breeze,  
Come thy vespers to renew  
Strains that joy or sorrow please.

Lovely watcher of the night,  
Still pursue thy matchless song,  
'Till the brilliant morning light,  
Close awhile thy tuneful tongue.

Sweetest melodist, to thee  
Nature listens all around :  
Let no mortal footstep be  
Heard along the dewy ground.

Beats the heart with joyance high,  
Thou canst modulate its tone ;  
Or does anguish prompt the sigh,  
Soothe it with a power thy own.

Thy soft music, soft and clear,  
Oft beguiles the loitering time,  
When the lonely pilgrim's ear,  
Meets the airy mellow chime.

So in midnight hours of grief,  
When this life seems nought but sadness,  
Friendship's voice yields sweet relief,  
And attunes the heart to gladness.



## THE TRIUMPHS OF DEATH.

**ENQUIRE** ye of Death where his triumph appears,  
He boasts of the spoilage of six thousand years,  
The carnage has widen'd from Adam till now,  
Nor stops 'till the pillars of nature shall bow.  
Foul offspring of sin, he has vanquish'd our race,  
And fix'd on each mortal the seal of disgrace.  
But where are his victories ?—See, in that room  
The spoiler has enter'd enshrouded in gloom :  
The Parent, the Friend, he has mark'd for his prey,  
And mocks the vain effort to chase him away.

What cares the grim monster for anodynes now,  
The cold clammy death-drop hangs big from the  
brow !

He heeds not those groanings that sue for relief,  
Nor the heart breaking anguish of bitterest grief !  
Oh, ask not the monster his triumphs to shew,  
For wide is his reign over all things below.  
The death-bed of beauty, the knell of the brave,  
The tomb of ambition, the conquerer's grave,  
Declare that his wide-spreading reign is complete,  
Over all that on earth is delightful or great.  
Yet down to the cold gloomy grave shall we go,  
And open those cells of corruption ?—Ah, no,  
The grave is his banqueting chamber of riot,  
And there let the monster still feast him in quiet ;  
Be the sepulchre closed, for the eye cannot dwell,  
On the horrible scenes that its caverns reveal.

But look at that countenance, pallid and sad,  
Which breezes of health from the hills cannot glad ;  
Or if it is flush'd with a beautiful bloom,  
'Tis the hope-mocking hectic that decks for the tomb !  
No pleasure it shews, or of sight or of sound,  
For deep has the tyrant infix'd his wound :  
The sweet voice of love cannot brighten that eye,  
Nor keep back the spirit that shortly must fly,  
And leave the pale corse to the monster a prey,  
A cold, stiffen'd load of inanimate clay :  
While the clods of the valley shall cover that head,  
'Till the blast of the trumpet awakens the dead.  
Then ask not the monster his triumphs to shew,  
For wide is his reign over all things below.  
The tenant of land, of the ocean, of air,  
With all that on earth is delightful or fair,  
The insatiate spoiler refuses to spare.

The sweet breathing vale and the forest must fall,  
And mountains be crumbled to dust at his call.  
He enters the palace and scoffs at the state,  
The glitter that circles the lofty and great,  
And dashes the monarch at once from his throne,  
To hide in the grave unattended, alone.  
And while his keen shafts all around him are hurl'd,  
He stalks on with ruin, the lord of the world :  
For earth cannot boast of one beautiful spot,  
The cruel proud tyrant has ever forgot !  
Then ask not the monster his triumphs to shew,  
Since wide is his reign over all things below.  
Yet, O thou dread waster, yet boast not the past,  
Nor think that thy triumph for ever shall last,—  
Thou conquerest millions,—but yet there was ONE,  
Proud foe of mankind, whom thou could'st not  
o'ercome :

He entered thy charnel-house, grappled thee fast,  
And down from the height of thy conquests he cast :  
Then on through the gloomy domains of the dead,  
Thee, proud king of terrors, in triumph he led.  
How glorious the victor ! what trophies he wore !  
While angels press'd round him to gaze and adore ;  
To witness his prowess, his wisdom, and might,  
Then bear him aloft to the regions of light,  
To place on his forehead the diadem won,  
And tell to thy captives the deeds he had done,  
While glad notes of victory spread through the sky,  
To view the great conquerer mounting on high.  
But soon shall a period *more* glorious appear,  
To ruin thine empire and stop thy career ;  
When the mighty Redeemer again shall descend,  
And thousands of thousands his chariot attend,  
To break up thy kingdom, to end thy employ,  
And then, thou dread waster, thyself to destroy !

Oh ! when "the last enemy" meets with his doom,  
Farewell to affliction and sorrow and gloom,  
For light shall spring up on the night of the tomb :  
While life shall burst forth from the realms of the  
dead,

And beauty through all the black desert shall spread !  
What glad notes of triumph shall ring on the grave—  
The fair "tree of life" there its branches shall wave,  
And blossom and spread, and still tower on high,  
In amaranth loveliness never to die.

And when the great angel his message shall tell,  
His trumpet, O tyrant, shall sound for thy knell ;  
And the last conflagration a torch shall become,  
To mark the bright period thou meetest thy doom.

## THE SABBATH MORN.

WHO would not greet the sabbath morn,  
The season of celestial joy ;  
Who would not hail the blest return,  
Of holy pleasure and employ.

Peaceful and dear and solemn hour ;  
Period of calm and heavenly rest,  
All Nature owns thy sacred power,  
And calls on mortals to be blest.

The sunbeam sleeps upon the hill,  
And silent is the scene around ;  
Save the soft flow of yonder rill,  
Or forest warbler's mellow'd sound.

The peaceful strains that fill the grove,  
Now with increasing sweetness flow,  
In notes of harmony and love,  
Like paradise renew'd below.

O now more pure the dew-drop seems,  
And lovelier is the flow'rets bloom,  
And brighter are the morning's beams,  
And richer is its sweet perfume.

Season of deep and holy thought ;  
Hour of divine, serene repose ;  
Be earth's low pleasures all forgot,  
In joys the worldling never knows.

And now the distant solemn chime,  
In soften'd cadence strikes the ear,  
Calling to thought and hope sublime,  
Far above earth's low changing sphere.



While Contemplation, pure as light,  
Wings the rapt soul to realms of day,  
Fills it with holy calm delight,  
And sheds Devotion's purest ray.

Faint emblem of eternal rest !  
Of the long sabbath of the soul,  
When nothing shall its peace molest,  
And nought its pleasures dare controul.

There *was* a sabbath once below,  
Brighter than Fancy's loveliest dream ;  
Free from the canker-worm of woe ;  
Unsullied as the solar beam.

And such a sabbath, bright and pure,  
In all its glory shall return,  
Still and for ever to endure—  
Who would not greet *that* sabbath morn.

## REMINISCENCES.

**WHO** has not heard the thunder pealing,  
And listened to the raging blast ;  
And with a deep and awful feeling,  
Bow'd to the tempest as it pass'd !

Who has not blest the vernal morning,  
When all is bright in earth and sky :  
And traced the hues its robe adorning,  
With pleasure sparkling in the eye.

Who has not wish'd that season, never  
Like other times to pass away :  
But long'd that it might last for ever,  
And life be one bright vernal day,

Who has not gazed with speechless pleasure,  
Upon the diadem of night ;  
Glancing through space that none can measure,  
On gems unutterably bright.

And 'midst the high and solemn musing,  
That such a season will inspire,  
Felt that the chains of earth were loosing,  
And the rapt spirit mounting higher :

Then wish'd, the soul on angel pinions,  
Could, like its handmaid Fancy, rise,  
A tourist round those vast dominions,  
Where all is strange to mortal eyes.

Who has not paused upon a flower,  
Enamour'd with its matchless dye ;  
Then thought upon that wond'rous Power,  
That gives its beauty to the eye.

O, Nature ! thou art ever claiming  
Thy children's love, in every form :  
Whether in Summer's beauties reigning,  
Or shrouded in the wint'ry storm.

The soft green moss that skirts the fountain,  
And the bright fern that decks the wild ;  
Or lichen gray that clothes the mountain,  
Where richer verdure never smiled :

Morn's crimson beam with darkness blending,  
Or evening's meek and gentle ray ;  
The forest oaks with tempests rending,  
And the rich landscape's bright array :

Have all, to those that love thee, Nature,  
The power to soothe, inspire, or warm,  
Nor canst thou shew a single feature,  
That will not elevate or charm.

## THE WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN.

**THERE** is a world we have not seen ;  
That time shall never dare destroy ;  
Where mortal footstep hath not been,  
Nor ear has caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region, lovelier far  
Than sages tell or poets sing,  
Brighter than summer's beauties are,  
And softer than the tints of spring.

There is a world, and O, how blest !  
Fairer than prophets ever told ;  
And never did an angel guest  
One half its blessedness unfold.

## 74 THE WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN.

It is all holy and serene,  
The land of glory and repose ;  
And there to dim the radiant scene,  
The tear of Sorrow never flows.

It is not fan'd by summer gale,  
'Tis not refresh'd by vernal showers ;  
It never needs the moon-beam pale,  
For there are known no evening hours.

No, for this world is ever bright,  
With a pure radiance all its own :  
The streams of uncreated light,  
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

There, forms that mortals may not see,  
Too glorious for the eye to trace,  
And clad in peerless majesty,  
Move with unutterable grace.

In vain the philosophic eye,  
May seek to view the fair abode,  
Or find it in the curtain'd sky,  
It is, THE DWELLING-PLACE OF GOD.

## SOLILOQUY.

### THE DEATH-BOUND CAPTIVE.

**PALE** captive ! those features of sadness,  
Proclaim thee a prey to the foe ?  
No traces of pleasure or gladness,  
In that pallid countenance glow.

What boots it that others are telling,  
What charms and attractions were thine ;  
Thou art but a desolate dwelling,  
The wreck of an image divine.

Poor mortal ! 'tis vain to address thee,  
No music is sweet in thy ear,  
No sorrows have power to distress thee,  
Or draw from those eyelids a tear.

Thou fast in death's prison art sleeping,  
Unconscious of sight or of sound ;  
Nor carest how many are weeping,  
All gloomy and hopeless around.

The loftiest flights of Ambition,  
Nor tempt nor astonish thee now ;  
Nor gold can improve thy condition,  
Or pleasure illumine that brow.

The thunders might rattle around thee,  
The mountain be torn from its base,  
But still it would fail to confound thee,  
Should Nature be rent from its place.

No, nothing shall cause thee to waken,  
Till earth from its centre be hurl'd ;  
The stars from their orbits be shaken,  
And flames shall envelope the world.

And this, even this, shall not shake thee,  
Nor less than His wonderful voice ;  
Who speaks and tis done, shall awake thee,  
And then, may it be to rejoice.



## INVOCATION TO A SPIRIT. .

O, WHAT art thou, whose viewless wing,

No mortal ever yet could bind ;

A deathless and mysterious thing,

And subtle as the passing wind ;

Canst thou not break thy unknown spell,

And tell me, spirit, where dost dwell.

Perchance that dwelling is not far,

Would but thy accents meet my ear—

Perhaps it is that lovely star,

That shines at evening tide so clear :

Or, thou *may'st* make thy dread abode,

In yon untravel'd milky road.

In what mysterious subtle form,

Dost thou pursue thy secret way ?

For thou caust ride upon the storm,

Or the bright morning's crimson ray ;

Or in the still dread hour of night,

Come in thine own unearthly light.

Yet, who has seen thee, no one knows,

Or who has heard the thrilling tale

Of thy unending joys or woes,

'Till the poor mortal check turn'd pale ;

Or, 'till the eye with rapture glow'd,

To gaze upon thy fair abode.

Who glimps'd thee at that awful hour,

When throwing off thy mortal dress,

Thou feltest all a spirit's power,

And thought'st of heaven and happiness ;

Then putting on thy strange array,

Bounded along the airy way ?

Perhaps thou **fliest** from star to star,  
Swifter than **mortal** thought can go :  
Nor this is **near**, nor that is **far**,  
Nor ought to thee is **high** or **low** ;  
For thou canst wing thy **daring** flight,  
Round distant orbs—through **seas** of light.

But still what art thou spirit?—say,  
And what thine essence is declare :  
Is it a pure **etherial** ray,  
Of first born light, of fire, or air ?  
But yet, perhaps, didst thou descend  
To tell, I might not comprehend.

Then still be silent, for I ween  
Those secrets thou canst not unfold ;  
Nor mortal eye may view the scene,  
Where spirits their assemblies hold ;  
And what thou art, there's none may see,  
Till he becomes a thing like thee.

Not bound by time, confin'd by space,  
Nor subject to the laws of sense,  
Thou know'st no brighter loftier place,  
Than near the GREAT INTELLIGENCE :  
But what thy powers of act and thought,  
Or how existing, are untaught.

## **“THIS IS NOT YOUR REST.”**

**THE** soul, immortal and sublime,  
Was never form'd to rest on earth ;  
For it shall spurn the wrecks of time,  
Exulting in its lofty birth :  
Rejoicing in a nobler union,  
Where spirits hold sublime communion.

This world in all its glories drest ;  
Its riches, honours, power, and fame,  
With all it reckons dear and blest,  
Must vanish as a baseless dream ;  
Fleeting as those bright hues adorning,  
The earliest visits of the morning.

How beautiful the vernal day,  
    Its mingling tints, and flowerets bloom,  
How dear is autumn's chasten'd ray,  
    And peaceful evening's sweet perfume ;  
But while we fondly stay admiring,  
The transient beauties are expiring.

Friendship with kindred souls how dear,  
    The kindling interchange of mind,  
Affection's precious smile or tear,  
    And sympathy for ever kind—  
Death shews his soul-appalling token,  
And life's poor charm at once is broken.

Who has not felt the restless glow,  
    The wish—the feeling undefined,—  
That *nothing* known or loved below,  
    Can fill or satisfy the mind ;  
To something nobler still aspiring,  
A brighter, better world desiring.

Oh ! there *must* be another state,  
Where thought may act without control ;  
Where Fancy may its powers dilate,  
And nothing cramp the aspiring soul ;  
Where spirits in full freedom ranging,  
Their thoughts as free are interchanging.

But what is that mysterious power,  
That forms, arranges, fires the thought—  
Forbear, 'till that surprising hour,  
That sees thee quit this darken'd spot,  
For that where kindred souls are meeting,  
And angels join in holiest greeting.

This life's attenuated web,  
Obscures awhile the mental ray—  
Death snaps the poor and tender thread—  
The soul springs out to endless day,  
In life and bliss to range for ever—  
To feel a pang,—O never, never.

Angels and spirits of the just,  
 While through unbounded space ye roam,  
 Do ye ne'er stoop to earth and dust,  
 To cheer the soul or guide it home ;  
 And as ye bear the precious treasure,  
 Enjoy a calm and holy pleasure ?

Yes, for 'tis your divine employ,  
 To minister to man below :  
 And with a sympathetic joy,  
 Heighten his bliss or tend in woe ;  
 Soothe in distress, or warn from danger,  
 And wing for heaven the wondering stranger.

Is there an unseen link that binds,  
 You to the souls that sojourn here,  
 To commune oft with fellow minds,  
 In mental whispers soft and clear,—  
 Telling of scenes where all is pleasure,  
 Glorious and pure, and without measure.



**When Death unbars the gates of life,  
And bids the captive spirit fly,  
Far from these scenes of mortal strife,  
To trace the wonders of the sky.  
Then shall it hold sublime communion,  
With angels in eternal union.**

## THE MARTYR.

**YE** golden lamps that stud the sky,  
Let your living fires be bright ;  
A blessed martyr's soul must fly,  
Up to yon bright spheres to-night.

Though in a dungeon deep confin'd,  
Bound beneath a tyrant's frown,  
He feels the freedom of the mind,  
While he eyes the victor's crown.

Now, Malice, build the funeral pyre,  
And thy keenest torments bring ;  
But like a phoenix from the fire,  
Shall his lofty soul upspring.

An angel smile adorns that brow,  
Calm as summer evening's sky :  
No racks that lofty soul can bow,  
From its firm resolves to fly.

Car of Elijah, ready stand,  
To conduct the soul along ;  
Bear it to that celestial land,  
Where the martyr-armies throng.—

O, England, 'twas thy richest blood,  
On that dreadful stormy night,  
That around thy altars flow'd,  
To secure thy dearest right.

Now thou enjoyest great and free,  
What that noble army won ;  
True to that glorious interest be,  
Until Time his course has run.

## THE LAND OF REST.

**THERE** is a land of glorious rest,  
Where pure and happy spirits rove,  
For ever, and for ever blest,  
The land of spotless joy and love.

O yes, there is a land of rest,  
Free from corroding grief and care,  
No storms, no dangers there molest,  
Nor discord once shall enter there.

The land of rest—the land of joy,  
Where quenchless glories meet and shine,  
And fit for angels its employ,  
For all its pleasures are divine.

There is no land of rest beside—

But where is this blest region found ?—

It is not bound by ocean tide,

It is not upon earthly ground.

'Tis where bright angels sweep the lyre,

And spirits of the just repose,

'Tis where the seraph's living fire,

With undiminish'd ardour glows.

Blest land ! methinks I see thee now,

All smiling in perennial bloom,

With rapture thron'd on every brow,

And flowers that breathe divine perfume.

Then hail to thee thou land of rest,

And hail thy harps of holiest strains,

And hail those crowns that grace the blest,

Who rove along thy happy plains.

But ah, that land of rest is far,  
And dark and trackless is the road ;  
Yet Hope, a bright and glorious star,  
Points onward to the dear abode.

Then what though stormy be the way,  
Though winds and surges beat and roar,  
They only drive from earth away  
And urge to that celestial shore,  
And 'mid the storm that voice is best,  
That whispers, "There's a Land of Rest."

## THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

O, ENGLAND, the land of my birth,

    Thee, chief of all regions, I love ;

Thou dearest of lands upon earth,

    I'll honor wherever I rove.

Thy mountains, and rivers, and plains,

    Thy hills cover'd over with corn,

Thy vallies where liberty reigns,

    The fruits which those vallies adorn,

Are better by far in my sight,

    Than all the gay pride of the East :

And of all that the eye can delight,

    The land of my birth is the best.

The sun from the sky as it glows,  
Seems dearer for shining on thee,  
And sweet is each zephyr that blows,  
And sweet are thy woodlands to me.

Thy sons and thy daughters enroll'd  
In annals of virtue and fame,  
Have wealth that is richer than gold,  
And glory untarnish'd with shame.

For 'tis in their hearts with delight,  
Benevolence raises her throne ;  
While Freedom and Science unite,  
To call the blest Island their own.

Dear England, thou land of the brave,  
The sunbeam that sleeps on thy breast,  
That smiles on the patriot's grave,  
Never finds out so lovely a rest.



The ocean that girds thee around,  
And only will yield to thy reign :  
From thee scatters blessings around,  
And lightens the world of its pain.

O, still love thy God and thy Friend,  
Who *made* thee so great and so free,  
And he will for ever defend,  
And none shall be mighty as thee.

Then England, the land of my birth,  
While Time shall continue to call,  
Thou dearest of lands upon earth,  
No spoiler shall dare to control.

## EVENING.

**HAIL** gentle eve, thy reign of peace  
Renews the season of repose,  
Bids wild distracting tumult cease,  
And calm tranquility bestows.

But late the landscape beauteous shone,  
And brightly gleamed the steeple spire,  
And gaily smiled the flowery lawn,  
Beneath the day's bright eye of fire.

Now, the rich prospect faintly shines,  
And brighter glows the evening star ;  
Like Hope, she tells of fairer climes,  
And shines serenely from afar.

The busy hum has died away,  
And labour's iron arm is still,  
The last bright look of parting day,  
Lingers upon the western hill.

Now twilight comes with misty dews,  
And throws around her dunnest shade,  
'Till Fancy, in the sunset, views  
Unearthly forms within the glade.

Yet the fair sun that leaves the west,  
That brightest pageant of the sky,  
In all his dazzling glories drest,  
Will shortly re-appear on high.

And he must keep his station there,  
'Till he his destin'd course has run,  
And the great angel shall declare,  
That Time's dread final hour is come :

Then, hurl'd from off his lofty sphere,  
He shall in endless night expire ;  
And not a shining spot appear,  
To tell where erst he pour'd his fire.

Now Philomel's nocturnal song,  
Falls gently on the passing gale,  
And mute attention steals along,  
To listen to the warbler's tale.

Sing on, sweet chorister of night,  
'Tis Nature's self inspires thy lay ;  
For thou canst gently charm to flight  
The cares that cloud the brow by day.

Soft pensive hour of calm repose,  
Now Peace her sweetest vigils keep,  
Lightens pale Sorrow's heaviest woes,  
And bids the wretched cease to weep.

The sighs that swell the breast of grief,  
The stings that wound the heart of care,  
Have passed away, or found relief,  
For Resignation hovers here.

The noise of giddy mirth has ceas'd,  
And homeward bends the wearied swain,  
Wild hallooing childhood yields to rest,  
And Silence reigns on hill and plain ;

Save where yon rippling waters play,  
Or where the watch-dog faithful calls,  
Or team still drags its tedious way,  
Or distant torrent roaring falls.

Save where the wind with restless moan,  
Low murmurs through yon arching trees,  
Or when the houseless wanderer's groan  
Steals mournful on the evening breeze.

For there are still, who friendless roam,  
Bereft of every joy on earth,  
Strangers to all the sweets of home,  
To Love's kind voice, or social mirth.

And pensive Melancholy now,  
Delights to seek the shelter'd nook,  
Beneath the weeping willow bough,  
Beside the solitary brook.

To muse on joys that, like the stream,  
Have passed for ever far away :  
Joys that were bright as Hope could dream,  
But transient as the evening ray.

. And wonders Time could ever find,  
For wounds so deep, a healing balm ;  
Or Resignation bless the mind,  
And speak the tempest to a calm.

Yet still she loves to call around,  
The ghosts of long departed pleasures,  
And almost thinks that she has found,  
The lost invaluable treasures.

'Till starting from the dream, she knows,  
'Twas but a vision hurried by ;  
And hears a whisper at its close,—  
“There's nothing sure below the sky.”

Then seeking, though disgusted still,  
The scenes of real life to share,  
Calls it a gloomy load of ill,  
And earth a prison-house of care.

Now farewell Evening, for the night  
Comes to succeed thy gentle reign ;  
The crescent moon, serene and bright,  
Shines full on mountain hill and plain.

Yet ere we leave thee, we'll attend  
To the rich lessons thou dost give ;  
That like a kind departing friend,  
Instructs us mortals how to live.

For human life, how swift it flies,  
And Glory, is a morning dream,  
And Beauty, is a flower that dies,  
And Pleasure, is a fading beam.

O 'tis at best a varied day,  
Of joys and griefs, of light and shade ;  
Where thunders roar, and sun-beams play,  
And beauteous flowerets bloom and fade.

The morning breaks serene and fair,  
Hail'd by a thousand notes of joy ;  
No howling storms, no clouds are there,  
The brilliant prospect to destroy.

Or should a vernal storm arise,  
'Tis transient as an April shower,  
And gently all its influence dies,  
Like zephyr's breath on morning flower.

Yet, as the circling moments fly,  
With silent wing and rapid course,  
Black tempests sweep along the sky,  
And the rude thunder murmurs hoarse :

The threat'ning storm with rage descends,  
And spreads its terrors all around ;  
'Tis long before its fury ends,  
Or Joy can raise her from the ground.

'Till Hope, emerging from the gloom,  
Points forward with a cheering ray ;  
Then wears the scene a richer bloom,  
And brighter grows the lengthen'd day.

Then if the evening be serene,  
How beautiful the scene appears ;  
Most glorious is the chasten'd beam,  
When lingering o'er the vale of years:—

But those who frolic life away,  
In thoughtless pleasure's mazy dance,  
Who careless trill the idle lay,  
Unheedful of their day's advance.



Oh ! shall *their* sun in smiles decline ;  
Their evening sky be calm and bright ;—  
And Peace, and Hope, and Joy, combine,  
To close the season with delight ?

Ah ! let not Folly's children dare  
To hope a glorious evening hour ;  
For Shame and Terror will be there,  
To bid the gloomiest shadows lower.

Their sky, no glories shall illumine.  
Nor Memory lend an evening ray ;  
Nor Retrospection break the gloom,  
To chase the deepening shades away.

And when the hasty sun goes down,  
No star of promise beams on high ;  
But sinks amid the tempests frown,  
Black as a rude December sky.

Not so the christian's evening time ;  
His journey well-performed, draws near ;  
He verges to a richer clime,  
In brighter hues to re-appear.

A sacred calm pervades his skies,  
And radiant beams the heavens adorn ;  
Celestial glories round him rise,  
Foretelling a resplendent morn.

'Tis Summer-sunset's brightest glow,  
Combin'd with Autumn's mellow'd hue,  
And all around, above, below,  
Is rich and beautiful to view.

Then is he blest, supremely blest,  
Hope stands on tiptoe, plumed for flight,  
And Faith surveys the wondrous rest,  
And Glory, bends from worlds of light,

While in her hand that crown she brings,  
Worn only where her favourites be ;  
Beckons, and smiles, and claps her wings,  
And whispers, "IMMORTALITY."

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